

Left hand of God

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20829977) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20829977>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Kinktober 2019 , Will has a nightmare , Or not , Phone Sex , Masturbation , Hannibal Lecter is a Tease
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of Hannigram Kinktober 2019 , Part 1 of Rise and Hunt
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-13 Words: 1,282 Chapters: 1/1

Left hand of God

by [Silvaxus](#)

Summary

13. Pegging / Nipple Play / **Dirty Talk**

Will's dreams had always been...intense. This one was different and acting out of an impulse based on a dream can lead to interesting things.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble [Imoshen](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Will woke up he was disoriented, nothing new after he woke up from a dream, but this time...the dream had been different.

He was to dreaming about death, blood, the Ravenstag...things which haunted him during the day would haunt him in the night as well. His mind unable to cope and to let go but...not tonight.

Will was sweating, panting, with his blood rushing too hot and too fast through his body. Still, nothing new except for the reason. His dream had been so vivid and different he could still feel the blood painting his skin red, the scent of copper heavy in the air.

Closing his eyes didn't help to calm his racing heart down. It only brought the pictures from his dream back to his mind and they were crystal clear and sharp. From the edge of the shadows to the feeling of seeing someone's life dying in their eyes.

The rush of the fight and the arousal it brought along had something addicting.

Will wasn't aware that he had reached for his phone but when the voice of Hannibal Lecter filled his ear, a part of Will's mind turned its head away from the beautiful bloodshed to listen to Hannibal.

"Will, are you okay?"

Licking his lips, Will felt the red haze drowning his mind retreat at Hannibal's voice. It was as if Hannibal's voice was like the wind blowing away the fog surrounding Will's mind.

"No, yes...I dreamed and woke up. I didn't mean to call you, Hannibal."

Looking over at the clock of his alarm, Will winced. It was in the middle of the night.

"I'm sorry to wake you at such a time."

Will heard Hannibal sigh and his blood started to run faster again. It resembled the sound in his dream, when the other one died and the last breath left the body.

"Will, the time doesn't matter and when you say that you didn't call me on purpose means your mind was in need of me when your consciousness wasn't aware of it. What did you dream about?"

"Is that a midnight therapy session, Doctor Lecter?"

Will blamed the aftermath of the dream for the teasing note of his voice.

"It can either be that or just one friend calling the other in a moment of need. It's up to you, Will."

Humming, Will leaned back in his bed and stared at the ceiling.

“I dreamed about killing Randall Tier but this time was...different.”

The sound of rustling fabric from the other side.

“What was different about it, Will?”

Just thinking about it brought the heavy arousal back to Will’s mind and his traitorous body was already reacting to it.

“We were fighting, just like the night you sent him to kill me, but it was different this time. I made him run from me so I could chase and hunt him.”

Hannibal was silent for a moment but Will expected as much.

“What happened when you caught him?”

Just the question alone was enough to make Will see the scene again; the way he caught his prey with ease, the way his prey went down and howled in pain while trying to fight back. The pleasure of the chase was nothing compared to the feeling of taking down his prey with his own hands turned claws.

Randall Tier died fighting in Will’s dream but only after Will had ripped him to shreds and was covered in his blood.

Will wasn’t aware he was growling and it was once more Hannibal’s voice bringing him back from the shreds of the dream.

“I see...How did you feel while killing him for a second time, Will?”

This was an easy question.

“Strong, powerful, aroused. I wanted to kill him again and again, to see the light die in his eyes before I take apart what I killed. He’s not a person to me but a thing, a nothing, unworthy of my presence. I’m a god and his death and blood will only strengthen me.”

Hearing Hannibal’s breath hitch at the other end of the line made Will smile and he couldn’t resist the urge to rub his erection through his boxer shorts with the heel of his hand not holding the phone.

“And now, Will? Do you still feel the same? Powerful and aroused? A waking god among the sleeping?”

“Yes,” Will’s response was a hiss and his vision started to swim when his dream started to mix with what Will really saw. His hand tightened around his cock.

“Are you touching yourself right now, Will?”

Humming as an answer, Will closed his eyes to conjure the image of his dead prey while he pushed his boxer shorts out of the way. His cock felt hard and hot in his hand.

"I take that for a yes. What are you going to do now, Will? How will you honor your prey that gave its life to strengthen you?"

"I want to bathe in this feeling, this moment. It is mine, my blood, my prey."

Hannibal chuckled darkly on the other side and Will gave his cock a fast stroke.

"One would say that the hormones the body releases during an orgasm are the same as one would feel during a hunt like yours. Will you honor your prey with enjoying the pleasure it brought you?"

Panting, Will started to stroke himself in earnest, hard and fast, slow and careful. Letting go of his cock made Will groan but only until he cupped his balls to tug on them until a zap of pain raced up his back.

"I want to feel like this all the time."

Will knew he was whispering but it didn't make his words less true.

This feeling of power was so unlike him, so different than he usually felt that it was addictive from the first second on. He always wanted to be a god to the prey walking the earth.

"But you can, Will."

Hannibal's voice held a dark promise for Will, an offering but not from prey to god but from an equal.

"There is no need to let go of this feeling. You can make it yours anytime you want, you can collect it like others would pick up a flower. You can chase and hunt your prey, take their offering and honor it while relishing in the pleasure they brought you. It is part of their sacrifice to you after all, Will."

Moaning, Will went back to stroking himself to the smooth rhythm that was Hannibal's voice.

"Just like this, Will. Allow yourself to enjoy your sacrifice like it's your right as a god among the weak. They exist to please you, give you blood and pleasure. Yours to take and pick whenever you thirst for it. I can show you so much more, Will."

Will couldn't hear Hannibal's own breathless voice but the softly spoken words only served Will's arousal, making it burn brighter and more powerful.

When Will finally came all over himself he felt just like the moment he killed his prey. It was like the moment he had killed Randall Tier in the real world and in his dream.

He was strong and powerful, a god made to hunt take his pleasure from those to weak to serve him otherwise.

Through the red haze clouding his mind once more, Will heard Hannibal's dark voice over the phone.

“Do you want me to come to Wolf Trap, Will?”

Looking down at himself and his release drying on his skin, the release Hannibal had talked him into, Will knew the answer to Hannibal's question without thinking about it.

“Yes.”

End Notes

For more of my insanity, find me on tumblr: [Silvaxus](#) You want on my taglist on tumblr? No Problem! Write me a message either here on Ao3 with your tumblr tag or write me on tumblr.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!